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THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 26.

READER—we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year. We are not going to regale you with a dish of commonplace, in the shape of friendly admonition, &c.—but we shake you heartily by the hand, and pray you may live a thousand years!—Is that enough?

Next week—Reader—we intend to address you in a more important shape. We shall be much bigger, and (let us hope) much better, than we have yet been. That our improved looks and doubled capacity may knit still closer the bonds of unity between us—dear Reader—is all we desire—and our zealous endeavours to amuse and instruct you (forgive us for this necessary bit of egotism—we will not repeat it) shall testify the sincerity of our affection. Adieu, then, till next week—when the bells that are now tolling the departure of the old year, shall chime the birth of the new one. God bless you—Reader.

J. W. D.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE quartet in F major of Mr. Stephens betrays a considerable advance in the mechanism of composition. The subjects, if not better than those usually heard in his writings, are better developed and worked with more continuous feeling. A *scherzo* and *trio* in F minor particularly struck us, as quaint in character and clever in treatment. The other movements, though less original, are by no means without merit. The *motivo* of the opening *Allegro* especially, though somewhat Spohr-ish, is graceful and melodious. Mr. Stephens must have been fully satisfied with the able manner in which his quartet was executed, and with the warm applause it received.

Macfarren's song in praise of Friendship,

from Lane's *Arabian Nights*, has so often received the sanction of the public, that it stands in no need of eulogy at the present moment. We must say, however (superfluous as it may be) that a more lovely composition of its character was never penned.* Mr. Calkin sang it with the refined feeling of a thorough artist and well deserved the loudly expressed approval of the audience. We are delighted to find that Mr. Calkin has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness. The accompaniment for piano was admirably played by young Walter Cecil Macfarren.

The song chosen by Miss Duval from Handel's *Athaliah* says volumes in favour of the lady's taste. A more exquisite thing could not be imagined, and the style in which our charming vocalist (one of the best of the society's late acquisitions) delivered it, won her golden opinions and zealous plaudits from all assembled.

Spohr's trio No. 2, in F major, is far superior to the No. 1, in E minor. It is altogether one of the finest of his chamber compositions. Mr. H. Brinley Richards, who undertook the pianoforte part, fully established his claim to be considered one of the finest pianists in the country. We knew not whether most to admire the perfect neatness and certainty of his execution, or the truthful sentiment of his reading. Mr. Willy and Mr. Hancock sustained the violin and violoncello parts in masterly style. The reception of each movement, and especially of the last and best (in F minor), the difficulties of which are immense for all parties, and above all for the pianist, was enthusiastic to an unusual degree. We have seldom had a more thorough treat than this performance, to which the beauty of the composition and the skill of the executants contributed in almost equal shares.

* Mr. Greeneyeson (off the Post) in speaking of this composition, says:—"If it be intended as a Purcell flight it is a dead failure, if it be an original thought it is downright insanity." The best thing the editor of the *Britannia* could do, after this, would be to send the writer of his "Things Musical" to Bedlam, as early as possible—and so rid himself and his readers of a chattering coxcomb and an intolerable bore.

The noble trio from *Fidelio* is out of its place in a concert-room—but nevertheless received full justice at the hands of the vocalists, Miss Duval, Miss Lockey, and Mr. Calkin. With this the concert (one of the most interesting of the season) concluded.

A better accompanist than Mr. Charles Horsley could not easily have been selected, and Mr. Clinton, as director, showed equal ability and courtesy. The last concert is fixed for Friday evening the 27th inst. We believe Miss Rainforth and Miss Dolby will both sing. Of course we shall have the new trio of Mr. Mudie. We entertain too high an opinion of the judgment of the committee to suppose for an instant that they will allow so interesting and classical a feature to pass unheeded.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

(By an American.)

Concluded from page 414.

How far this high feeling of responsibility, and clear sight of his own position in the universe arose from arrogance, he showed always by his aversion to servile homage. He left one of his lodging houses because the people would crowd the adjacent bridge to gaze on him as he went out; another because the aristocratic proprietor, abashed before his genius, would never meet him without making so many humble reverences, as if to a domesticated god. He says in one of his letters to Julietta, "I am persecuted by kindness, which I think I wish to deserve as little as I really do deserve it. Humility of man before man,—it pains me;—and when I regard myself in connexion with the universe, what am I? and what is he whom they name Greatest? And yet there *is* the Godlike in man."

"Notwithstanding the many temptations to which he was exposed, he, like every other demigod, knew how to preserve his virtue without a stain. Thus his inner sense for good remained ever pure, nor could he suffer anything about him

of dubious aspect on the moral side. In this respect he was conscious of no error, but made his pilgrimage through life in untouched maidenly purity. The serene muse, who had so highly gifted and elected him to her own service, gave in every wise to his faculties the upward direction, and protected him, even in artistical reference, against the slightest contact with vulgarity, which, in life as in art, was to him a torture.—Ah, "had he but carried the same clearness into the business transactions of his life!"

So sighs the friend, who thinks his genius was much impeded by the transactions, in which his want of skill entangled him with sordid, contemptible persons. Thus in unbroken purity and proud self-respect; amid princely bounties and free, manly relations; in the rapid and harmonious development of his vast powers, passed the first thirty years of his life. But towards the close of that period, crept upon him the cruel disorder, to him of all men the most cruel, which immured him a prisoner in the heart of his own kingdom, and beggared him for the rest of his life of the delights he never ceased to lavish on others. After his fate was decided he never complained, but what lay in the secret soul is shown by the following paper:—

"During the summer he lived at Heiligenstadt, by the advice of his physician, and in the autumn wrote the following testament:

'For my brothers, Carl and ——— Beethoven.'

O ye men, who esteem or declare me unkind, morose, or misanthropic, what injustice you do me; you know not the secret causes of that which so seems. My heart and my mind were from childhood disposed to the tender feelings of good will. Even to perform great actions was I ever disposed. But think only that for six years this ill has been growing upon me, made worse by unwise physicians; that from year to year I have been deceived in the hope of growing better; finally constrained to the survey of this as a permanent evil, whose cure will require years, or is perhaps impossible. Born with a fiery, lively temperament, even susceptible to the distractions of society, must I early sever myself, lonely pass my life. If I attempted in spite of my ill, intercourse with others, O how cruelly was I then repulsed by the doubly gloomy experience of my bad hearing; and yet it was not possible for me to say to men, speak louder, scream, for I am deaf! Ah, how would it be possible for me to make known the weakness of a sense which I once possessed in the greatest perfection, in a perfection certainly beyond most of my profession. O, I cannot do it. Therefore pardon, if you see me draw back when I would willingly mingle with you. My misfortune is a double woe, that through it I must be understood. For me the refreshment of companionship, the finer pleasures of conversation, mutual outpourings can have no place. As an exile must I live! If I approach a company, a hot anguish falls upon me, while I fear to be put in danger of exposing my situation. So has it been this half year that I have passed in the country. The advice of my friendly physician, that I should spare my hearing, suited well my present disposition, although many times I have let myself be misled by the desire for society. But what humiliation, when some one stood near me, and from afar heard the flute, and I heard nothing, or heard the Shepherd sing,* and I heard

nothing. Such occurrences brought me near to despair; little was wanting that I should, myself, put an end to my life. Only she, Art, she held me back! Ah! it seemed to me impossible to leave the world before I had brought to light all which lay in my mind. And so I lengthened out this miserable life, so truly miserable, as that a swift change can throw me from the best state into the worst. Patience, it is said, I must now take for my guide. I have so. Constant, I hope, shall my resolution be to endure till the inexorable Fates shall be pleased to break the thread. Perhaps goes it better, perhaps not; I am prepared. Already in my twenty-eighth year constrained to become a philosopher. It is not easy, for the artist harder than any other man. O God, thou lookest down upon my soul, thou knowest that love to man and inclination to well-doing dwell there. O men, when you at some future time read this, then think that you have done me injustice, and the unhappy, let him be comforted by finding one of his race, who in defiance of all hindrances of nature has done all possible to him to be received in the rank of worthy artists and men. You, my brothers, Carl and ———, so soon as I am dead, if Professor Schmidt is yet living, pray him in my name that he will describe my disease, and add this writing to the account of it, that at least as much as possible the world may be reconciled with me after my death. At the same time I declare you two the heirs of my little property, if I may call it so. Divide it honorably, agree, and help one another. What you have done against me has been, as you know, long since pardoned. Thee, brother Carl, I especially thank for thy lately shown attachment. My wish is this: you may have a better life, freer from care than mine. Recommend to your children virtue, that alone can make happy, not gold. I speak from experience. For this it was that raised up myself from misery; this and my art I thank, that I did not end my life by my own hand. Farewell and love one another. All friends I thank, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I wish the instruments given me by Prince L. to be preserved with care by one of you, yet let no strife arise between you on that account. So soon as they are needed for some more useful purpose, sell them. Joyful am I that even in the grave I may be of use to you. Thus with joy may I greet death; yet comes it earlier than I can unfold my artist powers, it will, notwithstanding my hard destiny, come too early, and I would wish it delayed; however I would be satisfied that it freed me from a state of endless suffering. Come when thou wilt, I go courageously to meet thee. Farewell, and forget me not wholly in death; I have deserved that you should not, for in my life I thought often of you, and of making you happy; be so.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

"Heiligenstadt, 6th October, 1802.

"Postscript. 10th October, 1802!

"So take I then a sad farewell of thee. Yes—the beloved hope which I brought hither, to be cured at least to a certain point, must now wholly leave me. As the leaves fall in autumn, are withered, so has also this withered for me. Almost as I came hither, so go I forth, even the high courage, which inspired me oft in the fair summer days, is vanished. O Providence, let once again a clear day of joy shine for me, so long already has the inward echo of true joy been unknown to me. When, when, O God, can I feel it again in the temple of nature and of man?—Never? No! that would be too cruel!"

The deep love shown in these words, love such as only proud and strong natures know, was not only destined to be wound-

* He seems to have forgotten at the moment the name of his younger brother.

ed in its general relations with mankind through this calamity. The woman he loved, the inspiring muse of some of his divinest compositions, to whom he writes, "Is not our love a true heavenly palace, also as firm as the fortress of heaven," was unworthy. In a world where millions of souls are pining, and perishing for want of an inexhaustible fountain of love and grandeur, this soul, which was indeed such an one, could love in vain. This eldest son, this rightful heir of nature in some secret hour, writes at this period, "Only love, that alone could give thee a happier life. O my God, let me only find at last that which may strengthen me in virtue, which to me is lawful. A love which is permitted, (erlaubt.)" The prayer was unheard. He was left lonely, unsustained, unsolaced, to wrestle with, to conquer his fate. Pierced here in the very centre of his life, exposed both by his misfortune and a nature which could neither anticipate nor contend with the designs of base men, to the anguish of meeting ingratitude on every side, abandoned to the guardianship of his wicked brothers, Beethoven walked in night, as regards the world, but within, the heavenly light ever overflowed him more and more. Shall lesser beings repine that they do not receive their dues in this short life with such an example before them, how large the scope of eternal justice must be? Who can repine that thinks of Beethoven? His was indeed the best consolation of life. "To him a God gave to tell what he suffered," as also the deep joys of knowledge that spring from suffering. As he descends to "the divine deeps of sorrow," and calls up, with spells known only to those so initiated, forms so far more holy, radiant, and commanding than are known in regions of cheerful light, can we wish him a happier life? He has been baptized with fire, others only with water. He has given all his life and won the holy sepulchre and a fragment, at least, of the true cross. The solemn command, the mighty control of various forces which makes us seem to hear

"Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things (rushing) to the day of doom,"

the searching through all the caverns of life for the deepest thought, and the winged uprise of feeling when it is attained; were not these wonders much aided by the calamity, which took this great genius from the outward world, and forced him to concentrate just as he had attained command of his forces? Friendly affection, indeed, was not wanting to the great master; but who could be his equal friend? It was impossible; he might have found a love, but could not a friend in the same cen-

* See Ries.

tury with himself. But men were earnest to serve and women to venerate him.—Schindler, as well as others, devoted many of the best years of life to him. A beautiful trait of affection is mentioned of the Countess Marie Erdödy, a friend dear to Beethoven, who in the park which surrounds her Hungarian palace erected a temple which she dedicated to him. Beethoven had two brothers. The one, Johann, seems to have been rather stupid and selfish than actively bad. The character of his mind is best shown by his saying to the great master, "You will never *succeed* as well as I have." We have all, probably, in memory, instances where the reproving angel of the family, the one whose thinking mind, grace, and purity, may possibly atone for the worthless lives of all the rest, is spoken of as the unsuccessful member, because he has not laid up treasures there where moth or rust do corrupt, and ever as we hear such remarks, we are tempted to answer by asking "What is the news from Sodom and Gomorrah?" But the farce of *Beethoven's not succeeding* is somewhat broad, even in a world where many such sayings echo through the streets. At another time, Johann, having become proprietor of a little estate, sent into Beethoven's lodging a new year card, on which was written Johann van Beethoven Gutsbesitzer (possessor of an estate), to which the master returned one inscribed Ludwig van Beethoven Hirnsbesitzer (possessor of a brain). This Gutsbesitzer refused his great brother a trifling aid in his last illness, applied for by the friends who had constituted themselves his attendants, and showed towards him systematic selfishness and vulgarity of feeling. Carl, the other brother, under the mask of affectionate attention, plundered him both of his gains and the splendid presents often made him, and kept away, by misrepresentations and falsehood, all those who would have sincerely served him. This was the easier, in that the usual unfortunate effect of deafness of producing distrust was increased in Beethoven's case by signal instances of treachery shown towards him in the first years of incapacity to manage his affairs as he had done before his malady. This sad distrust poisoned the rest of his life; but it was his only unworthiness; let us not dwell upon it. This brother, Carl, was Beethoven's evil genius, and his malignant influence did not cease with his life. He bequeathed to his brother the care of an only son, and Beethoven assumed the guardianship with that high feeling of the duties it involved, to be expected from one of his severe and pure temper. The first step he was obliged to take was to withdraw the boy from the society and care of his mother, an unworthy

woman, under whose influence no good could be hoped from anything done for him. The law-suit, instituted for this purpose, which lasted several years, was very injurious to Beethoven's health, and effectually impeded the operations of his poetic power. For he was one "who so abhorred vice and meanness that he could not bear to hear them spoken of, much less suffer them near him; yet now was obliged to think of them, nay, carefully to collect evidence in proof of their existence, and that in the person of a near connexion." This quite poisoned the atmosphere of his ideal world, and destroyed for the time all creative glow. On account of the *van* prefixed to his name, the cause was at first brought before the tribunal of nobility. They called on Beethoven to show them his credentials of noble birth. "Here!" he replied, putting his hand to his head and heart. But as these nobles mostly derived their titles from the head and heart of some remote ancestor, they would not recognise this new peerage, and Beethoven, with indignant surprise, found himself referred to the tribunal of the common burghers. The lawsuit was spun out by the obstinate resistance of his sister-in-law for several years, and when Beethoven at last obtained possession of the child, the seeds of vice were already sown in his breast. An inferior man would have been more likely to eradicate them than Beethoven, because a kindred consciousness might have made him patient. But the stern Roman spirit of Beethoven could not demand less than virtue, less than excellence, from the object of his care. For the youth's sake he made innumerable sacrifices, toiled for him as he would not for himself, was lavish of all that could conduce to his true good, but imperiously demanded from him truth, honour, purity, and aspiration. No tragedy is deeper than the perusal of his letters to the young man, so brief and so significant, so stern and so tender. The joy and love at every sign of goodness, the profound indignation at failure and falsehood, the power of forgiving but not of excusing, the sentiment of the true value of life, so rocky calm that with all its height it never seems exalted, make these letters a biblical chapter in the protest of modern days against the backslidings of the multitude. The lover of man, the despiser of men, he who writes "Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make happy, not gold; *I speak from experience*," is fully painted in these letters. In a lately published novel, "Night and Morning," Bulwer has well depicted the way in which a strong character overshoots its mark in the care of a weak one. The belief of Philip that

his weaker brother will abide by a conviction or a promise with the same steadfastness that he himself could; the unfavourable action of his disinterested sacrifices on the character of his charge, and the impossibility that the soft selfish child should sympathize with the conflicts or decisions of the strong and noble mind; the undue rapidity with which Philip draws inferences, false to the subject because too large for it; all this tragedy of common life is represented with Rembrandt power of shadow in the history of Beethoven and his nephew. The ingratitude of the youth is unsurpassed, and the nature it wronged was one of the deepest capacity for suffering from the discovery of such baseness. Many years toiled on the sad drama; its catastrophe was the death of this great master, caused by the child of his love neglecting to call a physician because he wanted to play at billiards. His love was unworthy; his adopted child unworthy; his brothers unworthy. Yet though his misfortunes in these respects seem singular, they sprang from no chance. Here, as elsewhere, "mind and destiny are two names for one idea." His colossal step terrified those around him; they wished him away from the earth lest he should trample down their mud hovels; they bound him in confiding sleep; or, Judas-like, betrayed with a base kiss of fealty. His genius excited no respect from narrow minds; his entire want of discretion in the economy of life left him, they thought, their lawful prey. Yet across the dark picture shines a gleam of almost unparelled lustre, for "She, Art, she held him up." I will not give various instances of failure in promises from the rich and noble, piracy from publishers, nor even some details of his domestic plagues in which he displays a breadth of humour and stately savage sarcasm, refreshing in their place. But I will not give any of these, nor any of his letters, because the limits forbid to give them all, and they require light from one another. In such an account as the present a mere sketch is all that can be attempted. A few passages will speak for themselves. Goethe neglected to lend his aid to the artist for whom he had expressed such admiration, at a time when he might have done so without any inconvenience. Perhaps Beethoven's letter (quoted No. V. of the Dial, Essay on Goethe) may furnish an explanation of this. Cherubini omitted to answer Beethoven's affectionate and magnanimous letter, though he complied with the request it contained. But "the good Bettina" was faithful to her professions, and of essential use to Beethoven by interesting her family in the conduct of his affairs. He could not, for any pur-

pose, accommodate himself to courts, or recognise their claims to homage. Two or three orders given him for works which might have secured him the regard of the imperial family he could not obey. Whenever he attempted to compose them, he found that the degree of restriction put upon him by the emperor's taste hampered him too much. The one he did compose for such a purpose, the "Glorreiche Augenblick," Schindler speaks of as one of the least excellent of his works. He could not bear to give lessons to the Archduke Rudolph, both because he detested giving regular lessons at all, and because he could not accommodate himself to the ceremonies of a court. Indeed it is evident enough from a letter of the archduke's, quoted by Schindler as showing most condescending regard, how unfit it was for the lion-king to dance in gilded chains amid these mumeries. Individuals in that princely class he admired, and could be just to, for his democracy was very unlike that fierce vulgar radicalism which assumes that the rich and great must be bad. His was only vindication of the rights of man; he could see merit if seated on a throne, as clearly as if at a cobbler's stall. The Archduke Karl, to whom Körner dedicated his heroic muse, was the object of his admiration also. The Empress of Russia, too, he admired. "Whoever wished to learn of him was obliged to follow his steps everywhere, for to teach or say anything at an appointed time was to him impossible. Also he would stop immediately, if he found his companion not sufficiently versed in the matter to keep step with him." He could not harangue; he must always be drawn out. Amid all the miseries of his house-keeping or other disturbances, (and here, did space permit, I should like to quote his humorous notice of his "four bad days," when he was almost starved), he had recourse to his art. "He would be fretted a little while; then snatch-up the score and write "noten in nothen," as he was wont to call them, and forget the plague." When quite out of health and spirits he restored himself by the composition of a grand mass. This "great, solemn mass," as he calls it in his letter to Cherubini, was offered to the different courts of Europe for fifty ducats. The Prussian ambassador in a diplomatic letter attempted to get it for an order and ribbon. Beethoven merely wrote in reply, "fifty ducats." He indeed was as disdainful of gold chains and orders as Bach was indifferent to them. Although thus haughty so much so that he would never receive a visit from Rossini, because, though he admitted that the Italian had genius, he thought he had not cultivated it with that devout severity proper to the artist, and was, consequently, corrupting the public

taste, he was not only generous in his joy at any exhibition of the true spirit from others, but tenderly grateful for intelligent sympathy with himself, as is shown in the following beautiful narratives.

"Countess S. brought him on her return from —, German words by Herr Scholz, written for his first mass. He opened the paper as we were seated together at the table. When he came to the 'Qui tollis,' tears streamed from his eyes, and he was obliged to stop, so deeply was he moved by the inexpressibly beautiful words. He cried, 'Ja! so habe ich gefühlt, als ich dieses schrieb,' 'yes, this was what I felt when I wrote it.' It was the first and last time I ever saw him in tears."

They were such tears as might have been shed on the Jubilee of what he loved so much, Schiller's Ode to Joy.

"Be welcome, millions
This embrace for the whole world."

Happy the man, who gave the bliss to Beethoven of feeling his thought not only recognised, but understood. Years of undiscerning censure, and scarcely less undiscerning homage, are obliterated by the one true vibration from the heart of a fellow-man. Then the genius is at home on earth, when another soul knows not only what he writes, but what he felt when he wrote it. "The music is not the lyre nor the hand which plays upon it, but when the two meet, that arises which is neither, but gives each its place." A pleasure almost as deep was given him on this occasion. Rossini had conquered the German world also; the public had almost forgotten Beethoven. A band of friends, in whose hearts the care for his glory and for the high, severe culture of art was still living, wrote him a noble letter, in which they entreated him to give to the public one of his late works, and, by such a musical festival, eclipse at once these superficial entertainments. The spirit of this letter, is thoughtful, tender, and shows so clearly the German feeling as to the worship of the beautiful, that it would have been well to translate it, but that it is too long. It should be a remembrancer of pride and happiness to those who signed their names to it. Schindler knew when it was to be sent, and, after Beethoven had had time to read it, he went to him.

"I found Beethoven with the memorial in his hand. With an air of unwonted serenity, he reached it to me, placing himself at the window to gaze at the clouds drawing past. His inly deep emotion could not escape my eye. After I read the paper I laid it aside, and waited in silence for him to begin the conversation. After a long pause, during which his looks constantly followed the clouds, he turned round, and said, in an elevated tone that betrayed his deep emotion, 'Es ist doch recht schön. Es freut mich.' 'It is indeed right fair. It rejoices me.' I assented by a motion of the head. He then said, 'Let us go into the free air.' When we were out he spoke only in monosyllables, but the spark of desire to comply with their request glimmered visibly in him."

This musical festival at last took place after many difficulties, caused by Beethoven's obstinacy in arranging all the circumstances in his own way. He could never be brought to make allowance anywhere for ignorance or incapacity. So it must be or no how! He could never be induced to alter his music on account of the incapacity of the performers, (the best, too, on that occasion, anywhere to be had,) for going through certain parts. So that they were at last obliged to alter parts in their own fashion, which was always a great injury to the final effect of his works. They were at this time unwearied in their efforts to please him, though Sontag playfully told him he was "a very tyrant to the singing organs." This festival afforded him a complete triumph. The audience applauded and applauded, till, at one time, when the acclamations rose to their height, Sontag perceiving that Beethoven did not hear, as his face was turned from the house, called his attention. The audience then, as for the first time realizing the extent of his misfortune, melted into tears, then all united in a still more rapturous expression of homage. For once at least the man excited the tenderness, the artist the enthusiasm he deserved. His country again forgot one who never could nor would call attention to himself; she forgot in the day him for whom she in the age cherishes an immortal reverence, and the London Philharmonic Society had the honour of ministering to the necessities of his last illness. The generous eagerness with which they sent all that his friendly attendants asked, and offered more whenever called for, was most grateful to Beethoven's heart, which had in those last days been frozen by such ingratitude. It roused his sinking life to one last leap of flame; his latest days were passed in revolving a great work which he wished to compose for the society, and which those about him thought would, if finished, have surpassed all he had done before. No doubt, if his situation had been known in Germany, his country would have claimed a similar feeling from him. For she was not to him a step-dame; and, though in his last days taken up with newer wonders, would not, had his name been spoken, have failed to listen and to answer. Yet a few more interesting passages. He rose before day-break both in winter and summer, and worked till two or three o'clock, rarely after. He would never correct, to him the hardest task, as, like all great geniuses, he was indefatigable in the use of the file, in the evening. Often in the midst of his work he would run out into the free air for half an hour or more, and return laden with new thoughts. When he felt this impulse he paid no regard to the weather. Plato and Shakspeare were

his favourite authors; especially he was fond of reading Plato's Republic. He read the Greek and Roman classics much, but in translations, for his education, out of his art, was limited. He also went almost daily to coffee-houses, where he read the newspapers, going in and out by the back-door. If he found he excited observation, he changed his haunt.

"He tore without ceremony a composition submitted to him by the great Hummel, which he thought bad. Moscheles, dreading a similar fate for one of his which was to pass under his criticism, wrote at the bottom of the last page, 'Finis. With the help of God.' Beethoven wrote beneath, 'Man, help thyself.'"

Obviously a new edition of *Hereules and the Wagoner*.

"He was the most open of men, and told unhesitatingly all he thought, unless the subject were art and artists. On these subjects he was often inaccessible, and put off the inquirer with wit or satire." On two subjects he would never talk, thorough bass and religion. He said they were both things complete within themselves, (in sich abgeschlossene dinge), about which men should dispute no farther."

"As to the productions of his genius, let not a man or a nation, if yet in an immature stage, seek to know them. They require a certain degree of ripeness in the inner man to be understood."

"From the depth of the mind arisen, 'she, (Poesy), is only to the depth of the mind either useful or intelligible."

I cannot conclude more forcibly than by quoting Beethoven's favourite maxim. It expresses what his life was, and what the life must be of those who would become worthy to do him honour. "The barriers are not yet erected which can say to aspiring talent and industry, thus far and no farther." Beethoven is the only one of these five artists whose life can be called unfortunate. They all found early the means to unfold their powers, and a theatre on which to display them. But Beethoven was, through a great part of his public career, deprived of the satisfaction of guiding or enjoying the representation of his thoughts. He was like a painter who could never see his pictures after they are finished. Probably, if he could himself have directed the orchestra, he would have been more pliable in making corrections with an eye to effect. Goethe says that no one can write a successful drama without familiarity with the stage, so as to know what can be expressed, what must be merely indicated. But in Beethoven's situation, there was not this reaction, so that he clung more perseveringly to the details of his work than great geniuses do, who live in more immediate contact with the outward world. Such an one will, indeed, always answer like Mozart to an ignorant criticism, "There are just as many notes as there should be." But a habit of intercourse with the minds of men gives

an instinctive tact as to meeting them, and Michel Angelo, about to build St. Peter's, takes into consideration, not only his own idea of a cathedral, but means, time, space, and prospects. But the misfortune, which fettered the outward energies, deepened the thought of Beethoven. He travelled inward, downward, till downward was shown to be the same as upward, for the centre was passed. Like all princes, he made many ingrates, and his powerful lion nature, was that most capable of suffering from the amazement of witnessing baseness. But the love, the pride, the faith, which survive such pangs are those which make our stair to heaven. Beethoven was not only a poet, but a victorious poet, for having drunk to its dregs the cup of bitterness, the fount of inward nobleness remained undefiled. Unbeloved, he could love; deceived in other men, he yet knew himself too well to despise human nature; dying from ingratitude, he could still be grateful. Schindler thinks his genius would have been far more productive, if he had had a tolerably happy home, if instead of the cold discomfort that surrounded him, he had been blessed, like Mozart, with a gentle wife, who would have made him a sanctuary in her unwearied love. It is indeed, inexpressibly affecting to find the "vehement nature," even in his thirty-first year, writing thus; "At my age one sighs for an equality, a harmony of outward existence," and to know that he never attained it. But the lofty ideal of the happiness which his life could not attain, shone forth not the less powerfully from his genius. The love of his choice was not "firm as the fortress of heaven," but his heart remained the gate to that fortress. During all his later years, he never complained, nor did Schindler ever hear him advert to past sorrows, or the lost objects of affection. Perhaps we are best contented that earth should not have offered him a home; where is the woman who would have corresponded with what we wish from his love? Where is the lot in which he could have reposed with all that grandeur of aspect in which he now appears to us? Where Jupiter the lustrous, lordeth, there may be a home for thee Beethoven. We will not shrink from the dark clouds which became to his overflowing light enclosures of pearl and opal; we will not, even by a wish, seek to amend the destiny through which a divine thought glows so clearly. Were there no *Cedipuses* there would be no *Antigones*. Under no other circumstances could Beethoven have ministered to his fellows in the way he himself indicates. "The unhappy man, let him be comforted by finding one of his race who, in defiance of all hindrances of nature, has done all possible to him to be re-

ceived in the rank of worthy artists and men. In one respect these artists, all true artists, resemble one another. Clear decision. The intuitive faculty speaks clear in those devoted to the worship of Beauty. They are not subject to mental conflict, they ask not counsel of experience. They take what they want as simply as the bird goes in search of its proper food so soon as its wings are grown. Like nature they love the work for its own sake. The philosopher is ever seeking the thought through the symbol, but the artist is happy at the implication of the thought in his work. He does not reason about "religion or thorough bass." His answer is Haydn's, "I thought it best so." From each achievement grows up a still higher ideal, and when his work is finished, it is nothing to the artist who has made of it the step by which he ascended, but while he was engaged in it, it was all to him, and filled his soul with a parental joy. They do not criticise, but affirm. They have no need to deny aught, much less one another. All excellence to them was genial; imperfection only left room for new creative power to display itself. An everlasting yes breathes from the life, from the work of the artist. Nature echoes it, and leaves to society the work of saying no, if it will. But it will not, except for the moment. It weans itself for the moment, and turns peltishly away from genius, but soon stumbling, groping, and lonely, cries aloud for its nurse. The age cries now, and what an answer is prophesied by such harbingers as these at which we have been gazing. We will engrave their names on the breastplate, and wear them as a talisman of hope.

REVIEW.

"*Merry 'tis when larks are waking*"—*Pastoral duet*—G. ALEXANDER MACFARREN (Chappell).

MR. MACFARREN is certainly the duet composer, *par excellence*, of the day. His "Two merry Gipseys," and a tribe of charming followers are taking a tour through the kingdom—everywhere relished, everywhere encored. The present duet is worthy of its fellowship. Full of piquant harmonic thoughts, and overflowing with fresh and natural melody, it presents the best attractions both to vocalists and musicians; the former will be won by its *effective* requisites, the latter by its artist-like treatment. The key is G major, and the form is the usual one adopted by the composer, involving a *refrain* for both voices, and solos for each singer. Misses Lucombe and Dolby, whose names add to the attractions of the title page, would be precisely the vocalists we should select, were this duet our

own composition. The poetry by Desmond Ryan is full of new thoughts, beautifully expressed. A better lyric poet than Mr. Ryan does not exist among our present race of song writers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The election for the King's Scholarships, which occurred on the 23rd inst., was decided as follows:—Miss G. Poulter (pupil of the Academy), Master W. H. Palmer (of Canterbury), and Master A. Simmonds (of London), pupil of Mr. C. Patey. The board of examiners were Sir G. Smart, Sir H. Bishop, Mr. F. Cramer, Mr. J. Elliott, Mr. Goss, and Mr. Lucas—in the Chair, Mr. Cipriani Potter. There were ten female candidates, and seventeen male. There were three scholarships to compete for—one for two years, one for one year, and one which became vacant by the death of poor Sebastian Harris, a very clever and promising pupil, whose decease occurred while he held the scholarship. The talent displayed was (as we learn from the best authority) of first-rate description. If the Earl of Westmoreland had done nothing else for his pet establishment than found these admirable scholarships, he would richly deserve the gratitude of musical England.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The *Antigone* of Mendelssohn has been for some weeks in rehearsal. The composer was strongly urged to come over and superintend its production, but has written a letter to the Messrs. Ewer, the publishers of *Antigone*, and other important works from the same hand, expressing his regret that he cannot possibly come over, and adding his conviction that his music is perfectly safe in the hands of Mr. G. A. Macfarren (the music-director of the Theatre), of whose genius and acquirements we are aware that Mendelssohn entertains the highest admiration. Public expectation is raised to an unusual pitch of excitement, and everything promises well for the success of an experiment never yet attempted on the English stage. We shall of course be present at the first representation, and promise our readers a full and explicit account. The *Antigone* has created a furore throughout Germany and in Paris—why should it fail to be appreciated by a London public, the best in the world?

TO ADVERTISERS.

As the circulation of the next number will be TENFOLD that

of any number of the **MUSICAL WORLD** that has hitherto appeared, we beg to solicit the attention of advertisers of every denomination. An excellent opportunity will be afforded them of circulating their advertisements in every part of the United Kingdom and its dependent colonies. The enlargement of the "Musical World" will afford space for advertisements of any length. As the preparations for next number are necessarily very heavy and intricate, we are compelled to name 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening as the latest possible moment at which advertisements can be received.

PUBLISHING OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The profession, subscribers, and publishers generally are respectfully requested to observe that hence forward the SOLE PUBLISHER of the MUSICAL WORLD will be

MR. G. PURKESS,

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Notice to Correspondents.

All answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred until next week.

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GIBBONS.....	Hosanna. Lift up your heads. Almighty and everlasting God. Oh, clap your hands! God is gone up (Second part).
BATTEN.....	Hear my prayer. Oh! praise the Lord, all ye Heathens. Deliver.
CHILD.....	Praise the Lord, O my soul. O Lord, grant the King. Sing we merrily.
ROGERS.....	Behold! now praise the Lord. Teach me, O Lord!
BLOW.....	God is our hope and strength. O God, where art thou absent! Save me, O God! The Lord hear thee. My God, my God!
ALDRICH.....	Out of the deep. Oh, give thanks.
CREIGHTON.....	I will arise.
PURCELL.....	O God, thou art my God. O God, thou hast cast us out. O Lord God of hosts.
GOLDWIN.....	I have set God always before me.
CLARK.....	Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem.
CROFT.....	God is gone up with a merry. Put me not to rebuke.
WELDON.....	I beseech Thee, O Lord. Hear my crying.
LAWES.....	The Lord is my light.
LOCK.....	Lord, let me know my end.
HUMPHREYS.....	Have mercy upon me. O Lord, my God.
BLOW.....	I was in the spirit.
WYSE.....	Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Awake, put on thy strength.
PURCELL.....	Thy way, O God. Be merciful.
CLARK.....	How long wilt thou forget me? O Lord, thou hast searched me out. I beheld, and lo! a great multitude.
CROFT.....	O praise the Lord, all the Heathen. Give the King thy judgments.
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WISE.....	The ways of Zion do mourn. Thy beauty, O Israel. Awake up my glory. Blessed is he that considereth the poor.
BLOW.....	O Lord, I have sinned. O sing unto God. O Lord, thou hast searched me out. I beheld, and lo! a great multitude.
TURNER.....	Lord, thou hast been our refuge.
PURCELL.....	Behold, I bring you glad tidings. They that go down to the sea in ships. Thy word is a lantern under my feet. O give thanks unto the Lord.
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